

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## MUSSOLINI WITH THE BANDITS

### 40 Million More People Flung Into the War

JUDAS betrayed his Master for thirty pieces of silver, but it is to the eternal honour of the Roman Empire that it scorned the Betrayal and declared that it found no fault in Him.

Mussolini has been less exacting than Pontius Pilate, and has accepted the price of the betrayal of humanity and the crucifixion of the Italian people.

He has broken a thousand years of peace with us for no reason in the world. In Italy's dark hour of servitude it was England's voice that gave her people courage and new hope. It was the French Army that drove the Austrians out of Italy. It was the Allies who came to the rescue of Italy and saved her from destruction in the Great War. And now, by one of the meanest acts of cowardice in history, Mussolini has chosen the moment when France is reeling between life and death to stab her in the back.

#### Delighters in Cruelty

The ruler of the Italian people has led them like sheep to the slaughter against two nations with which they had no quarrel. The Dictator enthroned in the capital of Christendom has joined the pagan hordes who seek to dethrone Christianity. Rome has joined the robbers and beaters of innocent peoples. The Braggart of the Palazzo Venezia, waiting his chance to strike when he imagined it was safe, has joined the odious armies who burn down churches, shoot masses of children and aged people, drop bombs on hospitals, and crush beneath their tanks the refugees escaping from their stricken homes. Never in the history of the world has been known such wickedness as Hitler's armies have perpetrated on nations that had done no wrong. They have delighted in cruelty beyond belief. They have filled the world with anguish such as decent people cannot think of without pain.

And it is Italy, the kindly peasant folk with whom the British travelling world has had the pleasantest relations for fifty years and more, that is to join this monstrous horde of savages now sweeping across Western Europe. *Open my heart and you will see, Graved inside of it—Italy*, said Robert Browning, and so it has been with generations of our writers and artists and poets. To Signor Mussolini all that is nothing. He fears that if Hitler wins the war without his help he will swallow up Italy as he has

swallowed up Austria and the Czechs. He knows that if Hitler falls his own doom is sealed.

Mussolini has forgotten many things. He has forgotten that if the Germans win every battle in 1940, and every battle in 1941, and every battle in 1945, they will lose the last, for the resources of the Democracies are inexhaustible, and it is they alone who can endure to the end. He has forgotten that Italy unaided has never won a war, except against Abyssinians fighting with bows and arrows against tanks and poison gas. He has forgotten that he is fighting with the curse of Garibaldi upon him, for it was the Liberator of Italy who spoke those words to his countrymen that are printed on this page, cursing those who do not rally to England in her need.

#### The Pity of It

It is a pity that Mussolini, who has done many wonderful things for Italy and given her people a new status in the world, should fight against the heroic spirit which set the Italians free. It is a pity that the ruler of Italy, stronghold of the Roman Catholic Church, should fight against the spirit of the Pope himself, who has proudly borne

tribute to the holy crusade of the Allies against the barbarism of the pagan hordes. This man who has broken faith and torn up treaties shamelessly while the ink was hardly dry, has thrown 40 million more people into the fiery furnace—for no cause except the lust of power. He has done it all because he thinks the Allies are beaten and it is safe for him to come in and share the plunder.

But he is wrong. The Allies can never be beaten by Hitler, and the added weight of Italy is not the terrible thing to the Allies that it may appear to Mussolini. They know how to meet it and they will overcome it. To enter a war with the Empire that rules the seas is a dangerous game for Italy to play.

#### Dost Thou Lie So Low?

When Liberty comes into her own again and history laughs at these Bandits strutting across the stage, it will be the wonder of wonders how they rose to power and how great countries fell so low, but the most pitiful tale of all will be that of the blacksmith's son who did remarkable things for Italy and then plunged her headlong into dust, regardless of her past.

*O Mighty Caesar, dost thou lie so low?*

*Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?*

Italy has the noblest tradition of any country on the Continent. There is no traveller on earth who does not love her for the great services she has rendered to the peaceful life of mankind and the heritage of beauty she has bequeathed to us all. It is like a dream to walk through the streets of her cities.

And yet it was Italy which first dropped bombs from the sky, and it is Italy's Dictator who has forced war upon her people, a shameless war, a piece of brigandage, with no excuse save that a man wants what is not his. It is the philosophy of the pickpocket.

#### We Shall Endure

But Civilisation is not to be beaten by a Bandit. It is not the criminal who wins in the end. Mussolini stabs the neighbour reeling under an assassin's blow, and he may escape for a time with his loot, but it is Law which will beat him at last, and he will find, as all who break the Law will find in the end, that the way of transgressors is hard.

We are at war with this great land with its noble past and its wondrous heritage; at war against our will. We shall see darker and darker hours, and the shadows will press around us more and more. But we are sterner and prouder and stronger with every day that brings new peril, and if in the end we stood alone in Europe we should fight on until we won. We shall set freedom on a rock. We shall endure. A. M.

## America Full Speed Ahead

By PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

ON the tenth of June the hand that held the dagger struck it into the back of its neighbour. On the tenth of June we send our prayers and our hopes to those who are maintaining with magnificent valour the battle for freedom.

We will extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation. All roads must be kept clear of obstructions. We will not slow down nor make a detour. All signs and signals call for *Full Speed Ahead*.

## NOTHING TO YOU, SIR

The other day a B.E.F. officer arrived by train at Plymouth and called a porter to take his luggage to a taxi, and as he entered he held out a tip. The porter shook his head, remarking, "No, thank you, sir."

The taximan took the officer to his hotel. "How much?" asked the officer. "Nothing to you, sir," said the taximan, as he quickly drove away.

## Garibaldi Calling



Garibaldi, Hero of Italian Freedom, to his countrymen:

England is a great and powerful nation, foremost in human progress, enemy to despotism, friend of the oppressed; and if ever England should be so circumstanced as to require the help of an ally, cursed be the Italian who would not step forward with me in her defence.

## GO IT

WALLS and hoardings proclaim Mr Herbert Morrison's wartime slogan, *Go to it!* and we are glad to see it.

But is this not another example of good virile English that has been transported to America and come home no better for its journey? *Go it* is the plain age-old British imperative, the injunction that incites boys at play, men at work, and soldiers bravely striving against odds in battle.

As far as we have been able to trace it, the original expression comes from a story told by Sir William Harcourt of a manuscript sermon by a worthy old parson named Baker, who was something of a character.

Down one side of the sheets the parson had written marginal notes to guide him as to the manner in which he should deliver various passages of his address, such as *Softly*, *Slowly*, *Steady*, and finally, for sentences of vehement rhetoric, he wrote *Go it, Baker!*

We do not know whether it was before or after that the poet T. E. Brown, in his lovely lines on the Blackbird, said *How you do Go it*.

At any rate, that is the English of *Go to it*, just as the British way is to *face a crisis*, not *face up to it*.



## AN EDITOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS PARROT Mr Spender Calling

MR J. A. SPENDER, the famous editor beloved in Fleet Street and renowned throughout the world, has lost an old friend with whom he has lived for 40 years, his Brazilian parrot, a bright green-winged creature with flashes of crimson and gold who came to the Spenders a youth of 20 and has now died of old age and pneumonia at 65.

Twenty years he spent in Mrs Spender's hospital at Tankerton and 20 in Mr Spender's library. In the hospital he would sing "God Save the King" and call for three cheers during the Great War, but Mr Spender tells us that he was not always quite clear whether the occasion was fitting, for once he mistook a funeral for a beanfeast and cried out Hip, Hip, Hooray! as the coffin left the gates.

He had a wide repertoire, he loved wireless, and would pick up the music as it went along, and Mr Spender remembers the day when he caught him trying to remember the slow movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

His unflagging interest in the life about him, and his unceasing efforts to amuse and entertain, entitle him, says his friend, to the name of philanthropist, for he was a lover of mankind. He would join a conversation by picking up a phrase that caught his fancy; winding it up with, "Oh, yes," he would rock, scream, and roar with laughter until he had to gasp for breath.

### A Touching Tribute

Mr Spender tells the story of Brazilian Cock in a new volume of Essays which Messrs Cassell have just published (New Lamps and Ancient Lights, 8s 6d), and he concludes this touching tribute, as moving as anything Charles Lamb ever wrote, with these words:

There is much to be said for other domestic creatures, but I have never known one who so visibly devoted himself to my entertainment, who

was so punctual and polite in all the little courtesies, who had such a vivid personality and so many ways of expressing his thoughts and moods. When an animal says Good Morning to you when the day begins, Good Night when it ends, and Goodbye when you go away, he puts himself on a footing which is special to him and to you. This old friend did that and so much more that I cherish the memory of him in a peculiar affection.

### Journalism at Its Best

A parrot that delighted Mr Spender for twice 20 years must be counted a public benefactor, for through all those years this king of journalists has been one of the guiding minds in our national life. If British ideas, and our British democratic system, are sound enough to withstand whatever storms may blow it is not a little due to the influence of the sober journalism of the last generation and to the best serious journalism of this; and for half a century and more Mr Spender's pen has been steadily and ceaselessly moulding and shaping the thought of our people and the character of our policy at home and abroad.

In his new book of Essays he is at his very best, for these are writings in his quiet hours and in them are discussed a hundred things of human interest. Editor, dreamer, philosopher, humanitarian, politician, artist, essayist, traveller, intimate friend of rulers and statesmen, writer who (as The Times has said) cannot write without writing well, Mr Spender is all these in this delightful book. Unhappy it may be in the moment of its appearance, he may think now that it is out, but in every other sense it is a happy book, and there are thousands who, we hope, will come to it for something of that detachment from the world's alarms which we must have if we would see these dark days, through to the Light beyond.

### Something Better Than Was Hoped For

Sir Ronald Ross's laboratory at Hyderabad, where he identified the anopheles mosquito as the carrier of malaria, is religiously preserved as the shrine of a discovery that has saved millions of lives, and it has just been visited by Sir Malcolm Watson, who succeeded the discoverer at the Ross Institute.

Sir Malcolm was travelling through Assam and Madras, and visiting Delhi and Hyderabad to see how malaria control was progressing. He found it making wonderful strides, not only in the towns and cities, but even in the ricefields which are ideal places for breeding mosquitoes. He recalled that Sir Ronald Ross himself hardly hoped for so much, and once said to him that he "never dared to moot" the extension of mosquito control in rural areas. But now it is coming about, and new methods are being employed with increasing success. Among them are those of flushing stagnant marshes with running water, and planting hedges of rhododendrons and other shrubs to give shade in the ricefields.

### THINGS SEEN

A cat, mother of young kittens, bringing home a tiny rabbit without injuring it in any way.

A Billericay lady feeding baby wild rabbits with a teaspoonful of milk.

A Scout carrying the gas masks of ten little girls on the way to school in Perthshire.

## The Elephant and the Tank

Elephants were the first Tanks. Hamilcar the Carthaginian employed them in 220 B.C. to sow terror in the Roman legions, and his son Hannibal passed on the idea to Antiochus of Syria, whose son Antiochus Epiphanes led 70 elephants unsuccessfully against the Jewish Maccabees. Antiochus used another form of tank, the scythe chariot, and long afterwards the Britons were credited with turning them against the Roman invader. But this, according to Mr Charles Foulkes, who has just written the story of the Tank in the Army Historical Review, is doubtful. After the scythed chariot came the medieval Ribandaquin, a large siege crossbow on a carriage equipped with pikes and blades. A "war cart" was in action at the siege of Boulogne by Henry the Eighth in 1544, and a drawing of it exists.

Leonardo da Vinci drew a picture of a tank, a moving fortress with guns, carabineers, and a bellows to frighten horses; and Napier (who invented logarithms—to become the terror of schoolboys) also designed a tank so terrifying and destructive that he never made the design public.

## Narvik

The Allies have withdrawn their forces from Norway and are sending them to a part of the battlefield where they can give more effective help than in the outlying corner of Narvik.

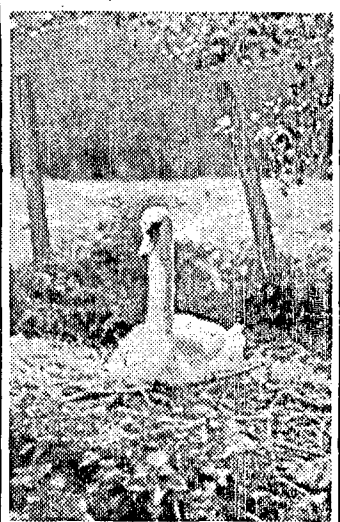
Norway still remains at war with Germany, and her King and Government have found a temporary home in England.

Narvik has been made useless to the enemy as an iron port, and it will be easier for our Navy to blockade the Norwegian coast than to convoy troopships and supplies hundreds of miles across the North Sea.

The vast Norwegian merchant marine, manned by the most virile of the Scandinavian race, will continue to help the Allies.

The decision to evacuate needed great courage, but the future of Norway depends on the defeat of the Dictators, which will take place on a battlefield more helpful to the Allies.

## The Eynsford Swan



By the time these words appear this faithful Swan, which last we saw turning over her eggs on her nest by Eynsford's medieval bridge, will doubtless be proudly exhibiting her cygnets to the hundreds of people who pause to watch her every day. For weeks she has been sitting, unperturbed by the presence of the public or the activities of peace and war, in the shelter of the trees by the River Darent.

### Fine News For Poor Old Folk

The new scheme of increased Old Age Pensions will be a great boon to hundreds of thousands of men and women.

The present pensions for a single pensioner living alone is 10s a week; this is to be increased to 10s 6d in cases where there is no other source of income. A pensioned aged couple without any other income will get 32s.

In all cases the extra payment will be subject to a household means test, and to variation after such things as rent have been investigated. Extra payment will be made in winter to meet the cost of fuel. The new payments will begin in August.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

The people of New Zealand have given their Government £2,000,000 free of interest for the duration of the war.

A thousand Australians enlisted at one office in the centre of Sydney the other day.

Chislehurst Parish Church is pulling up the railings round the churchyard as a gift to the nation; so is Lytham in Lancashire.

Alcohol, says the Bishop of Rochester, should be regarded as a Fifth Column, the enemy within our gates, sabotaging armament output and sapping morale.

Every morning at noon the women and older children at Airton, in Malhamdale, Yorkshire, gather on the village green for a short intercession of prayer.

A nurse has sent £5 to the Lifeboat Institution in remembrance of her rescue by a lifeboat in the last war.

A registered brown paper package containing £225 in pound notes has been received by St Dunstan's from someone unknown.

Lord Gort's daughter has married Philip Sidney, a descendant of the immortal Sir Philip.

In the new Finance Bill, which has now been published, it is stated that a Short Lease means a lease which is not a Long Lease.

### Scout and Guide News Reel

Toronto has opened the first of a number of Always Open Club Rooms for boys living in congested areas of the city.

Scouts at Gulgong, New South Wales, paid their camp expenses by washing gold from "pay dirt" traced in some abandoned mines.

Since August last year 29 Jamaican Rover Scouts and Old Scouts have been on duty at lighthouses and coast look-outs.

The Scout V.C., the Cornwall Decoration, has been awarded to Rover Scouts Jack Shea and Percival Hore, both 17, of the 1st Truro Group; and to Scout R. F. Fairlie of the 35th Stirlingshire Group.

Belgian Guides helped to evacuate children from Ostend, and one

St Aidan's Mission in Durban, South Africa, sends greetings and thanks to the unknown friend in Perth who has for so many years been sending the CN to that address.

The Chief Scout has sent this message to all Scouts: "With tails and sleeves up, go to it in every way you can to help to win the war."

St Bride's Church is doing its best to cheer up Fleet Street; the bells now ring out a noonday hymn, having a range of twelve notes.

A group of people from an Australian family has lent their Government £300,000 free of interest for the duration of the war.

A generous knight of Sydney (Sir Thomas Buckland) has sent the British Government £20,000 as a present on his 91st birthday.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were among the 2,000,000 children who contributed pennies providing 18,000,000 cigarettes as an Empire Day gift to the Forces.

At a London clothing factory women and girls have volunteered to work overtime without pay to produce hospital clothing and comforts.

Sophia, Lady Hall, has sent the wedding rings of her great-great-grandmother, her great grandmother, her grandmother, her mother, and herself to the Red Cross Fund.

Guide who escaped to England with only her uniform has attended a meeting of Chelsea Rangers and described her adventures.

Guernsey Rangers are growing vegetables in their own allotment, buying them at a nominal price and reselling them cheaply to Guide families.

Indian Guides in Leper Companies gave up meat and fish during Empire Week, so that they might contribute to the Guide Gift Week Fund.

Swiss Guides are doing splendid work among the many refugees in their country.

The 16th Hampstead Guides have collected, sorted, and packed two and a half hundredweights of silver paper for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Fund.

## 21 Years For the World's Children

THE Save the Children Fund is 21 years old, and a noble life of service it has given to humanity.

Born of the sorrow and misery of the first world war, the Fund has worked to help child victims of calamity over the whole face of Europe as well as in parts of Africa and Asia. In its earliest days the CN raised £6000 for the Fund by one of its leading articles.

The unbelievably tragic events of the present call on this body for fresh and colossal effort; they throw into high relief the truth of the words of Miss Eglantyne Jebb, the founder: "Every war, just or unjust, successful or unsuccessful, is a war against the child."

The first war-need among the children of England was for clothes and shoes for evacuated children. The S.C.F., aided by a gift of £1000 from the National Union of Teachers, has done its best to find the necessary clothing for the most needy, but it has received 10,000 applications, and this number was more than it could deal with.

Again, its 12 Nursery Schools in the special areas must be multiplied many times before we can say that the needs of the nation's toddlers are even partially met.

Besides the needs of our own children we now must think also of those of the foreigners who have fled in terror to our shores. Here,

again, children's clothing is wanted. Do up your parcel now and send it to 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Yet every child in England is in a veritable heaven compared with those across the Channel whose lives have been shattered and their homes demolished by the mechanised hordes of German Barbarism. These children too the S.C.F. wants to succour, but to play its part it needs wider support. It depends on voluntary subscriptions.

Looking back at its first 21 years the S.C.F. sees a goodly series of accomplishments.

During the famine in Russia after the last war it distributed 121,000,000 meals for children. It established the first children's hospital in Yugo-Slavia, which is still carrying on. In one of the poorer quarters of Paris it has opened a Welfare Centre for the children of 2000 refugee families.

The Fund makes no distinction of nationality, race, creed, or colour. Children are children the world over, it holds, and it is abominable that they should suffer as a result of blunders and enmities which they have not caused and cannot control. What hope there is of a better world rests with the children, and the S.C.F., in its 21st year, is dedicating itself anew to the task of saving the world's children so that the world's hopes may at least have a chance to be realised.



June 22, 1940

## The Children's Newspaper

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## NATURE'S LARDER

While the Food Controller can keep us going with butter, meat, and bacon, he is not troubling us with hints about vitamins.

But there is plenty of advice forthcoming about what to eat and what to avoid, and the soundest prescription has come from Professor V. H. Mottram, who lectured on Nature's Larder to the Royal Institution.

There are foods which build or protect the body, and others, like sugar, which supply energy. Among the first are meat and bacon, and fat fish like mackerel, fresh herrings, sprats, and salmon. Take these when you can get them, and fill up with bread and groceries. These do not fatten but they fill. Milk and cheese and butter, green vegetables or salads, turnips, carrots, onions, fruit—if the body takes charge of these the vitamins can take care of themselves.

## PIERRE MARTIN AND HIS APPLE TREES

The Happy Valley has been celebrating its Annual Festival.

Better known as the land which inspired Longfellow's poem Evangeline, the Annapolis Valley has just held its Apple Blossom Festival.

It was in 1933 that the valley held its first festival, the 300th anniversary of the planting by Pierre Martin, a French settler, of the first apple trees in the valley in 1633. Probably inspired by homesickness and needing a touch of solace, Pierre planted his trees, and his example was followed by others. Today Annapolis Valley is one of the finest apple-producing districts in the world, over two million barrels being expected this year.

Pierre Martin obviously planted better than he knew, and laid the foundations of a great industry.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Names like Ironside are winning a special significance today, for our Home Defenders are now Ironsides, after the gallant General who leads them in the spirit of Cromwell's men.

Trenchmen also are pointing to the special fitness of the name of Admiral Abrial for his superhuman task of making Dunkirk a place of refuge for hundreds of thousands of war-weary troops. The French word Abri means actually shelter or refuge from danger or any other evil!

## STOP THE PETROL WASTE

Petrol is an urgent national necessity. It is brought to this country under conditions of peril, and we ought not to allow a gallon to be used save for vital needs.

First of all, petrol for the fighting forces. Second, petrol for the essential trades. Third, petrol for doctors and for a very limited class of persons doing national work. Fourth, petrol for a carefully revised service of public vehicles.

Lastly, no petrol at all for pleasure excursions.

## A Little Nearer to the Sun

ANOTHER great American observatory is planned. Harvard University is about to build the highest observatory in the world at Fremont Pass, Climax, Colorado, on a peak 11,318 feet above sea-level.

Thus the Sun will be a trifle nearer the earthly observer, though that does not much matter. The point is that the air at the site is remarkably free from suspended particles which obscure observation. It will therefore be possible to map sun-spots and other solar phenomena with greater accuracy;



IN ENGLAND NOW

## A Book to Thrill the World

Armistice, 1918 : 1939. By Michael Foot. (Harrop, 8s 6d).

HERE is a book that will thrill you and inform you and fill you with astonishment. Whoever you are, you do not know all this.

Who is there in the world who knows the follies and the tragedies, the blunders and the crimes, the ambitions of the mountebanks and the cynicisms of the statesmen, which have brought the peoples of the world once more to the very brink of the Abyss?

We see the Dictators as they were and as they are, and the long slow process of events that has raised them from the gutter to the throne. We see Hitler starving in his native land and going back to it as conqueror. We see Mussolini marching on the Quirinal, begging the king's forgiveness, and kissing his hand. We see Stalin rising to power to start a new sort of empire in the world.

And we see the pitiful mistakes made by all nations after the last war, the follies, the sins, the broken

faith, the shattered dreams, the lost opportunities, and all the ghastly trail of evil that followed when History took the wrong turning.

We took this book to bed and could not sleep till we had finished it—and then we could not sleep, for it is a tale to stir the dearest soul and to set the world on fire. Michael Foot is the son of Isaac, and if he has many books in him like this his father may live to be as proud of Michael Foot as he is of Oliver Cromwell.

## QUENTIN ROOSEVELT'S PRIZE

In a loop of the Upper Yangtse in China is the valley of Li-Kiang where the strange Nashis have dwelt for a thousand years. Mr Quentin Roosevelt, a grandson of Theodore Roosevelt, and full of the adventurous spirit of the family, has just returned from visiting the Nashis, bringing with him 700 picture scrolls. These pictures, or scrolls, are Nashi writings unlike those of any other known language.

The people, in their gloomy valley between two high mountain ranges, have never welcomed visitors. On the contrary, they have been a threat to chance travellers for centuries, and only lately have become approachable. But Quentin Roosevelt, by offering to pay handsomely for the scrolls, obtained them from a 70-year-old Nashi dervish, who before parting with them put on a pair of spectacles and, declaring that his tiger was coming up, performed a devil dance to raise the price.

## THE POINTER

Among the members of an observer post on the north-east coast of England is a rough-haired terrier. He wears a badge on his collar, and takes his duties very seriously.

Odd though it may seem, he points the moment he hears the drone of approaching planes, his quick ears picking up the sound a minute or two before the men on duty hear anything.

## NO STARVING ON THE FARM

The Government has raised the farm worker's wages from 38s to 48s a week. Farmers will be given guaranteed prices to enable them to pay the increase.

This has been done not a bit too soon, for since September 70,000 men have left agricultural jobs. No more will be allowed to leave, and those who have done so will have to return to farming as soon as their present work ceases.

## CARRYING ON

Undeterred by their terrifying experiences in Holland, from which they escaped in a cargo boat as the Nazis descended on The Hague, the Sadlers Wells ballet, most of them young girls, are at work again, giving encouragement to Londoners by their example and joy by their exquisite art.

They lost all the beautiful dresses and scenery they had taken to Holland, and the only existing copies of the music which their conductor Constant Lambert had written from Liszt's Dante Sonata; but by a piece of good fortune gramophone records had been made of this music, and these were amplified and used at the opening performance.

## WHY YOU FEEL THE PIN PRICK

A very careful scientific examination has lately discovered why and how we feel the prick of a pin.

Naturally the first cause is that the nerve endings on the skin carry the feeling of a prick along the nerve to the brain; but that does not explain why the feeling should be painful, or why the hurt of a cut or the pain of a burn should in the same way affect us disagreeably.

The scientific reason is that a chemical in the skin (named histamine) is liberated when the skin is injured, and this acts directly on the nerve endings, causing them to send the prick or pain message to the brain. Histamine has been found in layers of skin as thin as tissue-paper, and a small electric shock will make the tissues give up this powerful chemical, of which a drop of a solution containing one part of histamine in 60,000 parts of water is sufficient to cause pain when applied to the skin.

## The Puffins of the Rock

PUFFIN TOWN is a lonely rock in the North Atlantic, where the puffins come with much misgiving to nest once a year, and have just now arrived. Mr Olin Pettingill, who has spent some time as a lonely naturalist on the island rock, describes the curious habits of the puffins during their enforced stay.

They are the most comic and the most helpless of the seafaring birds, with a beak like a parrot's and quite unsuited for attack or defence against others of the gull tribe, notably the black-backed gull,

## ABYSSINIA TODAY

For some time before Italy entered the war Abyssinia was out of the news, but an odd scrap of information comes through one of those indefatigable parties which collect in Africa for the American Museum of Natural History.

They were buying from an Abyssinian chief some choice examples of dyed native basket work, and asked if the craft still went on. The Chief replied, "Yes, they are selling very nicely, but the cost of importing dyes from America is hitting us very hard." Farther South, in Bechuanaland, the collectors in search of decorated pottery bowls found that the natives were no longer painting on them antelopes and gazelles, but had substituted drawings of motor cars and crude figures of uniformed native policemen, so as to bring the designs up to date.

## THE BIRD OF PARADISE RIVETTER

Something rare and beautiful, till now unseen, the ribbon-tailed Bird of Paradise, has been found by an Australian naturalist in the wild mountains of New Guinea.

It is described by Mr J. R. Kinghorn in the Australian Museum's Magazine as a bird with velvety brownish black plumage, with metallic green sheen on its head and back, and a bright green throat with a fiery copper band below. But its most remarkable possession is a pair of ribbon-like feathers 38 inches long, white with black tips, stretching out from the tip of its tail. They seem to be an encumbrance to it when it alights or sets out on its flight, but their beauty is undeniable. The bird haunts the heights about Mount Hagen, 9000 feet above the sea, and is far from musical. Its song is described as a clicking like that of a rivetter.

## BEAUTY GOES

It was, we may be sure, with a sad heart that many of the names of railway stations were removed to prevent them affording help to an enemy airman, for these names had been proudly set out in flowers not only in country districts but on the outskirts of towns.

Our railway companies have given prizes for the best station gardens, and very often the name of the station formed of flowers has been the main feature of the decorative scheme.

Now all this beauty has been uprooted; one more sacrifice by peaceful lovers of the beautiful to the Nazi hordes of barbarism.

## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Thin out the young plants of beet to nine inches apart. Plant out Brussels sprouts and savoys. Sow seed of colewort cabbage; this vegetable withstands frost, and is indispensable as a source of winter greens.

a marauder who ruthlessly preys on them. For this reason they hate the land and keep continually at sea for most of the year. On Puffin Town they seek crevices in the rock for the one egg laid by Mrs Puffin, who shares with Mr Puffin the five weeks' job of hatching it. Puffin Town is a very silent colony, making none of the noise of other gull haunts, perhaps out of prudence so as not to attract notice. Very soon after the one chick is hatched the family takes to sea again.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## THE MEN WHO TALK TO US

THESE are the days when we find out who are our friends. They cannot help themselves. They must speak out, and the BBC lets us know their secret hearts.

It is no secret. Gone are the petty differences of politics. Tory diehard, stalwart Liberal, Socialist dreamer, are all one in the love of our country and in the unbending will to win for it the victory of justice and freedom at any cost. If it had not been for wireless we might never have known these men, but the spoken word can touch us, as no written speech that we may read can do.

Some of them have taken on a new meaning for us. There is Mr Duff Cooper, known to most as a restless critic of the National Government after Munich, and no favourite either with the Conservatives or the Opposition. But no sooner had he become Minister of Information than a new Duff Cooper arose. Who will forget that hour in which the sky was black with apprehension about the BEF, when he sprang to the microphone early in the day, and in a three-minute speech, spoke words which stilled our beating hearts, by their straightforwardness and unalterable confidence? Later he spoke before the nine o'clock news, and in the same vein, at greater length, bade us uplift our hearts and look to the end. In that fine speech he established himself as a man to rally us in the fight, and he grows in our affections.

Of the same power to tell us the truth and not to fear it are Harold Nicolson, always welcome and effective; Maurice Healy, a great comfort on Sunday nights; and, for all too short a time, Onlooker, talking to us as we gather round the hearth, encouraging and uplifting. Onlooker is

Mr Norman Birkett, our brilliant man of law, who for a few months has joined the retinue of the Prime Minister in inspiring us to understanding, and with it to sacrifice and hope. Of Mr Winston Churchill's power when he talks to the people he leads, we need not speak. We feel that the truth is in him. He is Britain's spokesman, dauntless, unfaltering, never wanting. He is like an old Greek orator and his words ring round the world and stir the human heart.

Others there are whose voices reveal to us new men. There is Ernest Bevin, a sturdy Somerset man, whom listeners knew only vaguely as a Labour man, who was as "agin the Government" generally. But when we heard his voice raised in the tones of one who speaks from a waggon to mass meetings of workers, to tell these same Britons that they must put all aside for their country's need, we recognised a new power in the land.

It is a long list if we think of all who have revealed themselves to us as new men. There is Mr Herbert Morrison, who began life as an errand boy, rose to direct the L.C.C., and was by many thought of only as the tiresome man who would pull down Waterloo Bridge. But hear him now as he tells the forces of Labour what he expects of them, and you know that he is a mighty force on the right side, a man who is winning golden opinions from the nation's millions. It is so with Mr Attlee, pungent and authoritative, and with that strong, capable man, Arthur Greenwood.

We know them now, by their voices, and it is good to think that when war is over and peace is back we shall all be better friends and not mere partisans.

### The Crime of Crimes

WITH all we have and are pledged to the State for freedom's sake, Waste has become the crime of crimes. There is no wickedness more odious now than Waste and Treachery.

It is therefore greatly to be hoped that we have heard the last of the Air Ministry's throw-

ing away of a crop of turnips costing £1500; the buying of 43 acres of fruit trees by an ignorant official too proud to ask advice; and the waste of £278,000 on a ridiculous attempt to build an aerodrome on a bog, a waste which any country yokel could have saved us from.

## Under the Editor's Table

A MAN who has been a fire-fighter for fifty years is still burning with enthusiasm.

SOUTHAMPTON'S 'anti-gossip week' was a great success. You can't say that sort of thing doesn't tell.

RAILWAY buns are not what they used to be. They have had a hard time.

POSTERS are being sacrificed to the paper shortage. We want no squanderings and no hoardings.

A SOLDIER said he had nothing to wear but his tin hat. Hard on him.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If missing signposts are signs of the times

THE price of bread is unchanged. But in these strenuous days nobody can afford a loaf.

SEVERAL new Government schemes are being worked out. Several old ones have been played out.

ONE of our Ministers has been invited to a Health dinner. Did they eat his health?

A BABY has been given the initials R.A.F. Ought to rise in life.

THERE is no dancing in Germany. Only cannon balls.

## TRANSFIGURED

WHO has not felt that there was something uplifting to have among us in these last few days the Men who kept the Pass, and came safe home from Dunkirk? It is a tale that will be told as long as the world loves a hero.

One of our Wiltshire readers writes that he has seen a lot of these dear fellows and adds that *Sitting about the pavements of our town, they transfigured it—the first time our town has been holy.*

That is finely said.

### Peace Speaks

I CANNOT save myself. You who have the power to set me free Behold me in my agony.

Great Statesmen, Harken to my cry; Unless you save me I shall surely die.

Egbert Sandford

## AMUSEMENT

### 250 YEARS AGO

WE gave the other day an advertisement of a newspaper issued 100 years ago, showing the state of public opinion then. Here is another advertisement from York in 1687.

*On ye tende daie September, ye iii yere of or Suffreyn Lorde ye Kyng, James ii, atte ye squire before ye syne of Ye Black Bull Imme, Finkel Street of thys Citie, there sall be somme fyne sporte shewyn on ye morn betwix viii and ix of ye clok.*

*A bigge mad bull will be lette loose wyth fyreworks all over hym, and two or three cattles tyed toe hys tayle and dogges after them; besydes alsoe menie other kyndes of bull and bear baityne.*

That is how a cathedral city amused itself 250 years ago.

### You Have Been Warned

Hanging on the wall of a Grimsby trawler office is this printed warning.

WHETHER alone or in a crowd, Never write or say aloud What you're loading, whence you hail, Where you're bound for, when you sail.

### Too Many Men Doing One Thing

THE Government is naturally and properly reforming everything which stands in the way of national effort. We direct its attention, therefore, to a much needed reform which would save labour and give better service.

The milk supply is vitally important, yet it is wastefully distributed. A small price is received by the dairy farmer, a high price paid by the consumer. The streets of our towns are hunted for customers by rival milkmen, who have to live on a small margin of profit. We see many roundsmen serving each street.

A correspondent illustrates the case by reference to an actual town which has 70,000 inhabitants, consuming 3000 gallons of milk a day. No fewer than 150 men distribute them, which works out at one man to 20 gallons! What appalling waste!

### JUST AN IDEA

We were reading the other day what is surely true—that as long as you believe in yourself there are no limits to the heights you can climb.

# A MESSAGE Borne to Earth on the

ONE or two among our seers, dear Neighbour Earth, have read strange signs in space that your planet is in the grip of some great woe. Is your Earth breaking up?

Through our vast telescopes we read the stars, but they are far away and their light does not come to us for centuries; but Earth is not so very far. You pay your tribute to our Sun; you sweep the heavens with our family of worlds; we pass each other by as neighbours in our corner of the boundless Universe. You are our next-of-kin, and it is more to us if some calamity overthrows your Earth than that a distant star should perish.

### No Justice in War

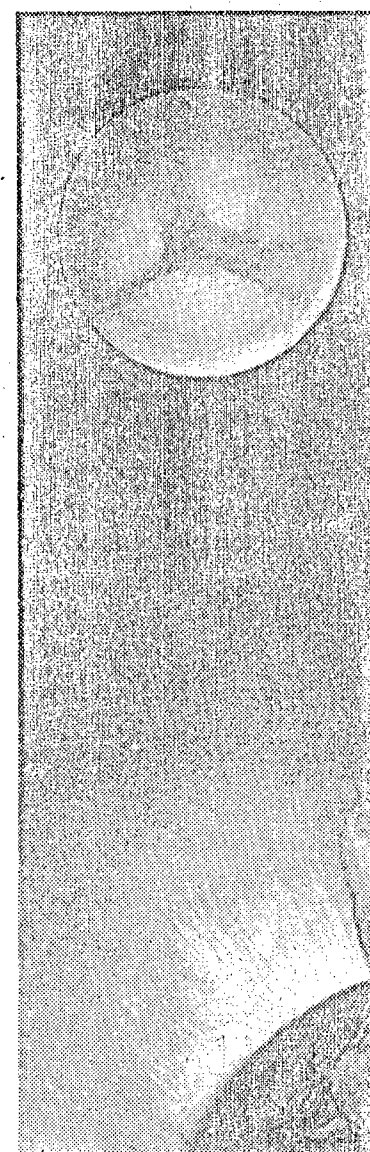
Ages ago Mars rocked and reeled in the grip of war, until the planet was overwhelmed. Far back the early records of our Martians tell how men would fight with beasts, and then with men; but as time passed, as men explored our planet, settled down in cities, fathomed the mysteries of natural law, and created great engines of power, they spent their strength in these things and ceased to fight. For war, you must know, had lost the chivalry of ancient days.

The appeal of the natural power of one man against another, or the pitting of the shrewdness of a man against the cunning of a creature of the wild, has in it something we can still admire; but when a man could hide behind a piece of matter and kill another far away we lost all pride in war, and there seemed something mean in it for most of us—for there never could be justice in war when battles were won by the heaviest weight of metal or the biggest guns. We saw that a little people in the right and a mighty people in the wrong could never reach justice by war.

### Destruction Without Reason

And so we put an end long ago to that physical war which had grown with time into a system of scientific killing. It had become destruction without reason. It was madness. Every day the lives of men were flung away and lost to Mars. We would train up a man in our universities and workshops, train his brain in complex sciences so that his life became a service to the whole of Mars, and then send him to war to be blown to pieces. I could tell you of hundreds of such men, who had in their hands the secrets of untold benefit for our people.

There were chemists who would have given us new sources of food, who would fertilise our fields so that our harvests yielded more and more. There were engineers who would give us machines that would save the labour of millions. There were inventors who were planning new instruments by which Mars would have soon controlled the weather. There were discoverers who peered into matter,



brought out its secrets, and seemed to be knocking at the very door through which Life comes. There were surgeons who could take a poor idiot child and touch its brain and save it. There were artists with the beauty of heaven itself in their souls. There were poets whose songs are sung all over Mars. There were musicians whose melodies stirred thoughts too deep for tears.

They were the flower of our manhood, and suddenly war would come and take them. It would pick them up and put them on a battlefield, and some mechanical thing would raise its head and swing aloft and blow them into dust. So long ago is all that now that it seems incredible it should have been. Is Earth still in that senseless grip of war?

The Earth is full of life and power; she marches in the path of Mars to her eternal destinies, though what they are she cannot

## A World Crisis

WE have come into an Age when a World Crisis moves with amazing speed.

Men fly 300 miles an hour and news travels instantly by wireless. How different it is from the old days! Even the news from Waterloo took a week to reach London.

There is in old letters a remarkable picture of one of the rulers of the world trying to get in touch with the greatest scholar in Europe in the midst of a world crisis. The ruler was the Pope, the scholar was Erasmus. They had been old schoolfellows, and the Pope, threatened with the rumblings of the Reformation coming on, longed to talk it over with Erasmus.

They could communicate only by letter, and each letter took a month by special messenger.

It is curiously interesting to look at some of the letters for the light they throw on the change that has come about since those days.

Adrian the Sixth to Erasmus:

It lies with you, God helping, to recover those who have been seduced by Luther from the right road, and to hold up those who still stand. I am still as you knew me when we were students together. Come to me to Rome.

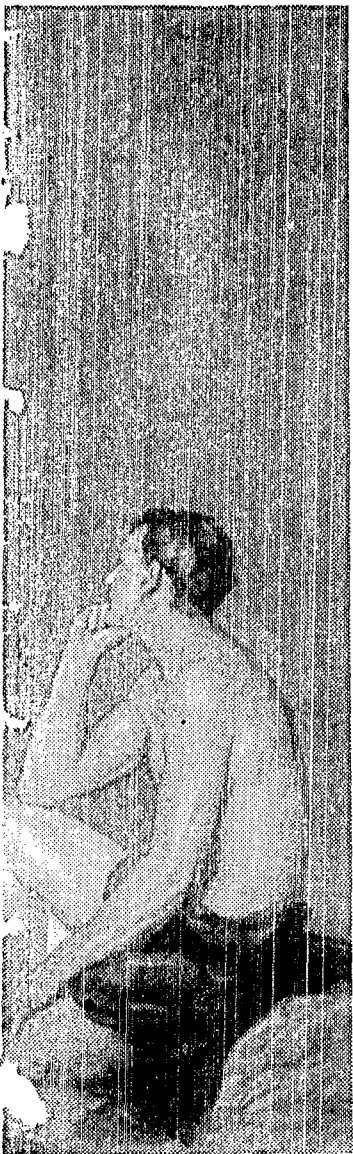
Erasmus to Pope Adrian:

This is no ordinary storm. Earth and air are convulsed—arms, opinions, authorities, factions,



# FROM MARS

## Wings of Imagination



of the planet first. Wrong done to one is done to all.

How many things there are that hold us all together, and how few things are worth quarrelling about! We linked ourselves together long ago in one great League of Peoples, bound in common bonds. We fixed one language for the planet. We made travel free from end to end of Mars, so that our people journey where they will. Our commerce runs wherever it can go, and nothing says it nay.

### Common Security

Our planet has one code of laws, with liberty for every man who leads a useful life and lives in honour with his neighbour. We have one set of common schools, and a common standard of health; the appearance of a case of foul disease on Mars would terrify our people. A pure and healthy life within the reach of all, the pleasures of art and music within the lives of all, useful work available for all, the gates of knowledge open to all, justice assured for all—such is the common security of Mars.

It must be so, and now that war has gone there reigns on Mars a peace that passes understanding. The common life grows more and more, the little interests pass away. We are one and indivisible. We are a race of planet patriots—brothers, comrades, neighbours. We contest with the elements; we wrestle with natural powers to harness them to our well-being. If war was a great world business, so must peace be. Something there is in a man belonging to the soul of all mankind. It is the universal spirit, and cannot live in conflict with itself.

### Look at Nature

Your Earth has been out on a wild and angry night; let it stand still and look at Nature, silently moving on. Think of the mighty power the ether holds, and it is everywhere and free to all. Think of what light and heat and air can do, and all mankind is rich in them. Think of that power which will send a message anywhere in the twinkling of an eye; it exists on every inch of your planet. You are waking up on Earth, you are coming after us, you will arrive where Mars already stands.

There are, be sure, incalculable forces awakening on Earth, powers that will work for you if you will use them; but you must control them or they will sweep you to your doom. The solemn forces that have brought you thus far will lead you to the end, but the Universe has no room for war between its children. Bind yourselves in a Covenant of Nations and march together to your destinies. Nature and all her powers are on your side, but Nature expects the Earth will do its duty.

Follow her, set your faces to the Sun, and He who has brought you thus far will lead you farther yet.

## his Long Ago

hundreds, jarring one against the other. If your Holiness will hear from me what I think you should do to make a real cure, I will tell you in a secret letter. If you approve my advice you can adopt it. If not, let it remain private between you and me. We little dreamt when we jested together in our early years what times were coming.

### The Pope to Erasmus:

Open your mind to me. Speak freely. I am not alarmed for the Holy See. I am distressed for the myriads of souls who are going to perdition. Be swift and silent. Come to me if you can, and come quickly.

### Erasmus to the Pope:

I would come to you with pleasure if my health allowed. But the road over the Alps is long. The lodgings on the way are dirty and inconvenient. The smell from the stoves is intolerable. The wine is sour, and disagrees with me.

Meanwhile you shall have my honest heart in writing. Your eyes and mine will alone see my letter.

You say to me, "Come to Rome. Write a book against Luther. Declare war against his party."

Come to Rome? Tell a crab to fly. The crab will say, "Give me wings." I say, "Give me back my youth."

### CN CALLING

A little while the rose,  
And after that the thorn;  
An hour of dewy morn,  
And then the glamour goes.  
Ah, love in beauty born,  
A little while the rose!

Translated by Henry Van Dyke

### God Has Forgotten the World

The day is quenched and the sun is fled;  
God has forgotten the world.  
The moon has gone and the stars are dead;  
God has forgotten the world.

Evil has won in the horrid feud  
Of ages with the throne;  
Evil stands on the neck of Good,  
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;  
And faith is a heartless cheat  
Who bares the back for the devil's rod  
And scatters thorns for the feet.

What are the prayers in the lips  
Of death,  
Filling and chilling with hail?  
What are the prayers but wasted breath,  
Beaten back by the gale?

The day is quenched and the sun has fled;  
God has forgotten the world.  
The moon is gone and the stars are dead;  
God has forgotten the world.

### God Will Remember the World

Day will return with a fresher boon;  
God will remember the world.  
Night will come with a newer moon,  
God will remember the world.

Evil is only the slave of good,  
Sorrow the servant of joy;  
And the soul is mad that refuses food  
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,  
And love is lit by the breath of sighs;  
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears  
Have holiest ministries;

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;  
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;  
And the farmer's hearth is never warm  
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon;  
God will remember the world.  
Night will come with a newer moon,  
God will remember the world.

Both by Josiah Gilbert Holland

### THE SECRET

The secret of a man's nature lies in his religion, in what he really believes about this world and his own place in it.

J. A. Froude

### Sayings From the Psalms

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord looseth the prisoners; the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous; the Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside-down.



QUADRIGA

# CARRY ON

## All Thou Hast Given Me, England

All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,  
Birthright and happy childhood's long heart's ease,  
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding,  
And wider than all seas:  
A heart to front the world and find God in it,  
Eyes blind enow but not too blind to see  
The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,  
And lovelier things to be;  
And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken,  
And quenchless hope and laughter's golden store:  
All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,  
Yet grant thou one thing more:  
That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,  
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I  
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,  
England, for thee to die.

R. E. Vernède, just before he died for England

### A Word from Goethe's Mother

I SEEK no thanks and catch the small joys. If the door is low, I stoop. If I can remove the stone out of my way I do so. If it be too heavy I go round it, and thus every day I find something that gladdens me.

### Let Not the Vision Fade

Though the sharp plough cut furrows in the meadows  
Where dancing flowers once played their joyous part,  
Let not the vision fade of harvest blessing:  
Lord, keep us in good heart.

### JERUSALEM

Jehuda Ben Halevy is an old Jewish poet imagined by the German poet Heine, who gives us this picture of him singing a song of Zion in the ruins of Jerusalem

BAREFOOT, and in penitential weeds,  
He sat there upon the fragment of a fallen column; down to his breast fell, like a grey forest, his hairs, and cast a weird shadow on the face which looked out through it—his troubled pale face, with the spiritual eyes.

So he sat and sang, like unto a prophet to look upon; Jeremiah the Ancient seemed to have risen out of his grave.

But the bold Saracen came riding that way, aloft on his barb, lolling in his saddle, and brandishing a naked javelin. Into the breast of the poor singer he plunged his deadly shaft, and shot away like a winged shadow.

Quietly flowed the Rabbi's life-blood, quietly he sang his song to an end, and his last dying sigh was Jerusalem!

### POOR RIGHTS

We hear in these days a great deal respecting Rights—the rights of private judgment, the rights of labour, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound these rights, alas, seems to me to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is for ever going about calling for his own rights. Alas! alas! for the man who feels nothing more grand in this wondrous world than his own rights.

Frederick W. Robertson

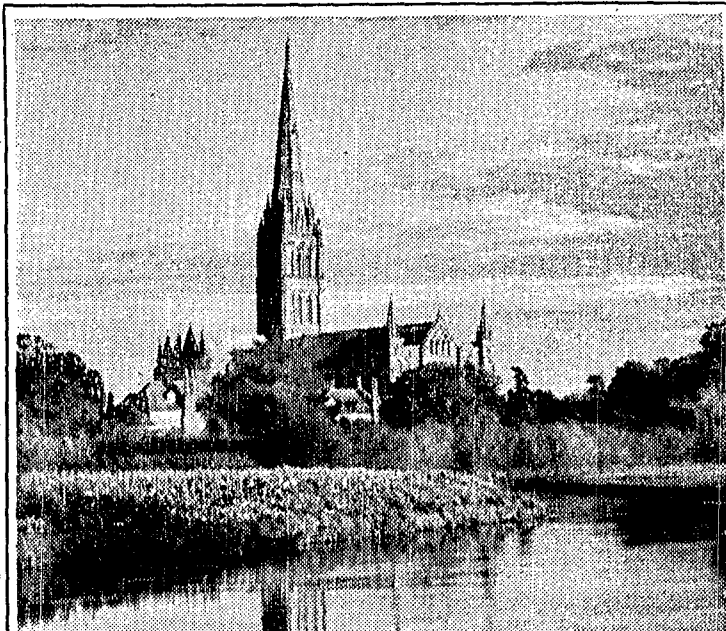
### A Prayer That We May Be Fit

HOLY God who madest me  
And all things else to worship Thee,  
Keep me fit in mind and heart,  
Body and soul to take my part;  
Fit to stand, and fit to run,  
Fit for sorrow, fit for fun,  
Fit for work, and fit for play,  
Fit to face life day by day;  
Holy God, who madest me,  
Make me fit to worship Thee.

E. M. B.

### The Gift of a Man's Life

WORDS, money, all things else, are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. Lowell



In 1220 the foundation stones of Salisbury's Cathedral were laid, but it was not until the following century that the lofty spire was added. It is 404 feet high and is one of the loveliest sights in the world.



# The Paper We Cannot Do Without

PAPER is the basis of our civilisation. The mental energy of a nation is judged by its consumption of paper for printing.

It is interesting to remember that Shakespeare was first printed on German paper, though there is a fascinating possibility, amounting almost to a certainty, that, scattered among the German-made pages of Shakespeare's First Folio, are a few sheets made at Dartford, where paper-making began during the youth of Shakespeare. The founding of the industry was left to a German in Kent, John Spielman, who set up at Dartford in the year of the Spanish Armada the first successful paper-mill in this country.

He obtained from the queen a ten-years monopoly of materials for his industry, and the sole right to make paper. For 38 years he was a thriving manufacturer, his mill employing 600 people. It attracted thousands of sightseers, one of whom, James the First, was so impressed with his success that he made him a knight.

For two centuries the industry built up on Spielman's foundations differed little in methods from his, as his differed little from those of the earliest European paper-makers, who had copied the art from the Arabs, as they in turn had copied it, in the time of Alfred, from Chinese prisoners taken during an expedition from Samarkand. Each sheet was made in a mould by hand, as all sheets were made until the age of paper-making machines.

## Forged Notes

Before the old era passed an almost incredible chapter of secret history was written on Kent paper. In 1790 Dartford was called on to enter the most extraordinary paper war ever waged. The French Revolutionary Government had issued enormous quantities of paper money, and the Allied Nations believed that if they could circulate forged copies of this paper money French credit would be ruined, so necessitating the restoration to the throne of Louis the Sixteenth.

So Dartford was set to work by the Government to produce enormous quantities of paper which, printed in London, was issued as French notes. Taken by English agents to France, to the Netherlands, and to Germany, the notes were carefully distributed before the advance of the French armies and other nationals, with disastrous

results to Revolution finance. But the forging did not achieve the desired result.

In the meantime, a revolution in paper-making was at hand, brought about in a manner almost fantastic. In 1792 John Hall was making a name for himself as an engineer at Dartford, and Bryan Donkin, son of a Northumbrian land agent, apprenticed himself to Hall, eventually becoming his brother-in-law. Then a youngster at the works invented the first dandy-roll for watermarking paper, and Dartford had begun a new career. Hall and Donkin refined the first crude methods, and for the first time paper, instead of being made by hand in moulds, page by page, streamed from a machine in a roll.

## Nothing Like Rags

If Spielman startled Tudor England with his work, the modern processes would startle him no less. Some of the materials he used are still the best for paper-making; there is nothing like rags, but so enormous is demand that were the whole world denuded of raiment the supply of rags would be insufficient, and materials have been sought in every land.

For newspapers and similar productions trees are the prime factor. A tree grown to maturity in New-England is reduced first to logs and then to pulp, and shipped to the mills, where it is boiled, washed, bleached, compressed, freed from gums and resins and unwanted matter, and beaten into fibres. With a leaven of five per cent of digested rags or old paper repulped, and with over 90 per cent of water added, the diluted pulp makes a journey along a marvellous machine 200 feet long, capable of automatically converting it into paper 12 feet wide at the rate of 500 feet an hour.

The fluid is borne forward on a band of wire cloth, the moving mixture thickening, growing opaque, becoming firm enough to climb an ascent, and before our eyes changing into moist paper. It passes between felt-covered rollers which squeeze it, between steam-heated cylinders which dry it, and then between cylinders which give it a smooth and ink-retaining surface. Then on to the reel it is wound, five miles of paper for any part of the world, to be used for spreading knowledge or for inspiring good deeds, or to be wasted on football pools and star quackeries, as tons and tons of paper are being wasted today.

# The Soundless Sound Wave

SCIENCE sometimes stoops to playthings, and Professor R. W. Wood, known for his valuable researches on the face of the moon and for his exposure of the tricks of spiritualists, has contrived an ingenious trick for a cinema.

The film was to present pictures of a bombardment following a Black-out, and the film director was at his wits' end to convey the feeling of apprehension to the audience. So Professor Wood, who is an authority on sound, prepared a 40-foot organ

pipe and tuned it down, so as to emit less than 20 vibrations a second. The human ear can note sounds between the limits of 20 and 20,000 a second, but below 20 they are too low for it, and over 20,000 too high. When the organ pipe began to let loose powerful vibrations below 20 the audience could not hear them, but felt them; and the uncanny feeling produced was somewhat similar to the vibrations experienced before an earthquake.

## 12,000 Clever Lads

SHAKESPEARE has become an inspiration to thousands of working lads who are members of Boys Clubs. In recent months his plays have been produced in hundreds of these clubs, some 12,000 boys having taken part in performances which they have staged and dressed with the help of their parents and sisters.

The lads show great ingenuity in the matter of props, a kitchen table serving many purposes;

it has been made into a royal dais or a tavern counter, when upright, or into a garden wall for Romeo or a rampart in a siege when on its side; or into a Roman galley when upside-down.

There is an opportunity now for grown-up amateur and professional actors to spend an evening in helping these clubs in a recreation which encourages concentration and the team spirit.

# KINGS AND PRESIDENTS

## The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I often wonder why, in our modern days, some nations have kings while others have not.

Man. You may well wonder, for now we are fighting in company with France, and it is long since France had a king. The essence of the matter is that all people desire leadership, and are well content with any system that provides it. Our king is the honoured head of a crowned republic, and a republic is a state in which sovereignty is exercised by the people. What our King does is to send for a man who is elected by the people, and ask him to become Prime Minister and form a government. In France the President does this.

Boy. Do all republics have presidents who act in that kingly way?

Man. There is no general rule; different States have different ways. The United States of America chooses a President every four years by election. The President does not ask a Member of Congress (the American Parliament) to form a Government. He forms it himself (as few people here realise) forms it of men who do not sit in Congress. The American President is really his own Prime Minister. He cannot legislate directly, but his followers in Congress carry out his ideas, although that does not prevent Congress from acting independently if it chooses. The American President is a man of strong character, has enormous power, and exerts great influence abroad. He is really a king in peace, and in war he becomes a dictator.

Boy. It seems strange that America's ministers do not sit in her parliament.

Man. It is more than strange, for Congress cannot always keep in touch with the ministers. Often a President tells things to the newspapers before Congress learns of them! But the world abounds in curious forms of government, many of which are successful. When they are not successful they are changed. Nations seek rulers, and rejoice when they find good ones; the forms by which they are chosen vary greatly. So it has ever been since earliest times. Give us a king, said the Jews of old. When an ancient king failed he succumbed to a stronger man, often on the field of battle. When a prime minister fails he has to make way for someone more successful. In France a Prime Minister rarely lasts a year!

Today, as in ancient times, it goes ill with a nation when it cannot find a strong man to lead it.

## Our Food is Safe in 1600 Places

The Ministry of Food is to be congratulated on its organisation of Food Depots. A very necessary step has been taken which should make it impossible for our crowded population to be deprived even temporarily of a food supply.

The country is divided, for the purposes of safety, into 800 districts, averaging 60,000 people to a district. Each of these is provided with two depots, at which are stored stocks of essential foods.

Thus the nation will no longer be dependent on the docks for immediate supplies. Food imports, like home supplies, will be promptly distributed to the Local Depots, from which issues are made. No sudden dislocation can thus deprive a section or sections of the population of its food supplies. The Minister of Food is satisfied that no attack could cause a food panic.

# NEWS DICTIONARY OF SAVINGS SCHEMES

*There are many ways by which every penny or pound we can save can be lent to the Government and thus help to hasten the day of Victory. Lend to Defend is the motto for us all and here are some of the schemes we can support.*

**Savings Certificates.** A Certificate can be bought at a Post Office or Bank for 15s. The State will, if necessary, repay it at 15s 3d at the end of a year, and at an increasing value to the end of the tenth year, when it will pay 20s 6d for it. Anyone may hold a total of 500 Certificates.

**Savings Stamps.** Anyone can begin to save with a penny. The Post Office supplies a slip of paper on which penny stamps can be fixed. When their number reaches twelve the Post Office will exchange this paper for two special sixpenny Savings Stamps and provide a book in which to stick them. When ten sixpenny Savings Stamps have been bought the Post Office Savings Bank will open an account in your name and give you a bank book.

**Home Safes.** Anyone can hire for a shilling a special money box from a Post Office. When this Home Safe contains 5s it can be taken to any Post Office Savings Bank to be opened and the money used to start a bank book. The shilling is returned when the Safe is given back.

**Post Office Bank.** The State guarantees the repayment in full of all sums paid into this bank, with interest of sixpence a year for every pound of your balance. So small a sum of 5s entitles a depositor to a bank book and as much as £500 may be paid in during one year. This bank will buy Savings Certificates and National Defence Bonds for its clients, and invest their money in Government Stock, crediting the interest to their account. An account can be opened in more than one name, so that clubs and Savings Groups can invest their funds in the bank.

**National Savings Groups.** Under this scheme many people form a group, each paying in a few pence a week. The secretary buys a certificate as soon as 15s has been paid in, and this certificate is drawn for, the lucky member having the advantage that the interest begins from the date of purchase. Many employers have formed groups for their workers, and teachers for their children. There are already 90,000 groups.

**Trustee Savings Banks.** Directed by voluntary trustees and managers under State Acts and inspection there are about 700 of these banks, with nearly 3,000,000 members. These banks are buying Savings Certificates and other Government Securities for their members, and so helping to win the war.

**Defence Bonds.** These can be bought from any post office or bank for £5 each, no individual being permitted to buy more than £1000 worth. The Government pays interest on them at £3 per cent, will repay them in full on six months notice, and will in seven years repay them at the rate of £101 for every £100.

**Government Stock.** Everybody who invests in the various kinds of Government Stock is both helping to win the war and saving his money for the future, because the state guarantees the payment of the interest on all, and the full repayment at a future date of many of them. Unlike Savings Certificates or Defence Bonds, they can be bought and sold on the money market, and so they rise and fall in value, but all yield about the same rate of interest.

# The Salmon Will Not Change Its Ways

IN spite of all temptations to belong to another ocean, the salmon of the Pacific Ocean have refused every inducement to find new homes on the Atlantic seaboard.

This has now been announced and admitted by the officials of the Canadian Fisheries Research Board, who report on the failure of all attempts to domesticate salmon fry from the Pacific coast in rivers running into the Atlantic or in the waters from which the rivers flow. These experiments have continued on an increasing scale for five years, and have been carried out with hundreds of thousands of the young of the Pacific chinook

salmon and its relative the pink salmon. These salmon from the rivers of Alaska, and others of the Pacific coast, are netted in hundreds of thousands to supply the American and British demand, and if they could be got to continue their life-history in the Atlantic and the rivers flowing into it would profit everybody. But they simply refuse to renounce the mysterious instinct which bids them return only to the homes of their ancestors. All the thousands of young salmon released in Lake Ontario or in the rivers of the Atlantic coast have perished without ever seeking the sea; and few have lived long.

## Cheap Dinner

Our new Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, Mr Robert Boothby, has the courage of his convictions. He was the guest of honour at a Cheap Health Dinner which proved to be much on the lines of the Oslo Breakfast. It was thus described by a journalist who attended:

We had a straightforward vegetable soup, followed by a vitamin salad. Its eccentricity consisted in raw carrots and turnips, with a grated cheese acting as liaison between these and the lettuce.

Milk blancmange and vitaminised biscuits, with kippered herrings for savoury, completed the repast.

Mr Boothby's voice, it is added, rang with sincerity when he praised this menu and recommended it for general adoption.

The war will have done a happy thing if it causes us to turn from greasy dishes to a more natural diet.

## All Derbyshire in One Volume

Arthur Mee's Derbyshire. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s 6d.

Arthur Mee's volume on Derbyshire has been awaited with considerable interest. Undoubtedly it embodies a wealth of information, will prove of exceptional worth to the visitor, and is the most detailed volume on the county published for many years. The descriptions of Derbyshire churches are beyond criticism. Their detail is surprising, and from this viewpoint alone the book is of inestimable value to the ramblers.

It deserves a place on the book-shelf of every lover of the Peak, or the ramblers, cyclist, or motorist.

Derby Evening Telegraph

*Ranging from the rank of captain to private, 22 sets of brothers are members of a machine-gun unit of the Westminster Regiment of the Canadian Active Service Force.*



# YOUNG SABIN

## A Cricket Story by Gunby Hadath

WHILE young Sabin was reading his brother's letter he thrilled. "Don't forget," it said, "that chaps no bigger or older than you have played for their schools before now. So have a good stab at your cricket colours this season. And when you feel nervous don't show it."

Then a few weeks later he was crossing the Quad in the break when he was stopped by Crisp, who uttered abruptly and gruffly, "They tell me, young Sabin, that you fancy your batting."

This made him tremble, for Crisp was the captain of cricket. But in the nick of time he recalled his brother's injunction. "Not I," he responded, pulling a ferocious face.

"Well, don't make grimaces," barked Crisp. "You've scored a few runs for the Second, and your brother, who was a pal of mine, you remember, has written to say you've a reasonable notion of batting. Now, what do you say to that, you miserable infant?"

His miserable infant had nothing to say to that.

"I dare say your brother's a pretty bad judge," Crisp observed. "But I suppose you're aware that we're playing Castlebury next week, and that all the non-colours men who are picked for that match get their colours?"

"Yes," breathed Sabin.

"At 12 o'clock bring your bat and pads to my net."

"I say!" gaped young Sabin.

"Are you going to bowl at me, Crisp?"

Crisp nodded and went. But he bowed like lightning, remember. Still, as Sabin kept telling himself through the rest of morning school, he'd rather play fast bowling than slow any day. Oh, he did hope that Crisp wouldn't make him more nervous by having chaps watching!

### On His Mettle

HE found when the dread hour came that except for two kids to sag out there was no one else there. He was quaking while he took guard, but he tried not to show it, and when the first ball arrived and flicked off his bails, "I played too late," he explained, as he turned to recover the ball.

But Crisp, who had brought several, told him not to send them back till they were all at his end.

"I see," he answered meekly. But Crisp's words had fired him. All at his end, indeed! So Crisp supposed he couldn't play them at all! Oh, did he! Then what about this one—and this one—and

this one? Plumb in the middle of his bat, he was meeting them all.

Then Crisp seemed astonished, and after a few minutes' rest he began to vary his pace and his length with more cunning. But Sabin, warming up and forgetting his nervousness, kept picking the right ball to cut, and the one to deflect to leg, and the one to drive every now and then into the outfield. And now Crisp whipped down a real snorter, and one shade too late again did that gallant little blade push forward to meet it. The youngster's bat dropped from his grip. He staggered and reeled. "It's—it's all right," he gasped, as he clapped both his hands to his knee.

Crisp ran up the pitch to him. "It's nothing," uttered young Sabin, his face white as wax.

Unbuckling his pad, Crisp massaged the spot. "That better?" he kept lifting his head up to ask.

"Yes. Shall we go on now?" winced Sabin.

"Not you!" laughed Crisp. And as they came from the nets he noticed that his victim walked without limping.

### The Injured Knee

SO that was all right. Crisp rejoiced. And so did young Sabin, well aware that he had put up quite a good show. Oh, glorious prospect, if only Crisp chose him next week! By golly, he'd give his old knee a good rub in the morning!

So he did, while the chaps in the dormitory eagerly asked how it was now. "As right as rain," he assured them.

It wasn't so good that evening. Still, another long night's rest would do the trick properly. "And how goes it today?" they asked again in the morning. "Oh, fine," he replied, rather slowly.

It was later that day that his heart sprang into his mouth and an icy feeling gripped his inside. Having stolen away by himself to try his knee out he had started to run, when it wobbled, then gave way beneath him. He rubbed it and rested it and tried over again. And again it flopped under him. He could walk on it; but he couldn't run.

There was still time, of course; but supposing it didn't get better?

"Knee all right?" the dormitory asked him next morning.

"I'd forgotten about it," he answered, forcing a laugh.

But what was he going to do? For the knee was no better. Well, so long as he went on the field his

colours were safe, even though he broke down in the match. "So stick it out, Sabin," he bade himself.

He hadn't told anyone. They thought he was fit. Besides, there were 24 hours more yet. . . . "But if you turn out unfit you will let the team down." The words had sprung out on him suddenly. Let the team down! Oh, what rot! He wanted his colours.

### Hard At It

AND here came the visitors crowding out of their coach, with their scorer and umpire tossing their cricket bags down to them. And here came Crisp, to greet them and bring them along. And here, as soon as they'd vanished to get into flannels, came young Sabin, white-faced and nervous, trailing to Crisp.

Crisp stared at him. "Why aren't you changed?" he demanded. "It's my—my knee," uttered Sabin, stammering. "I'd better stand—stand down, Crisp."

"Stand down! But your knee's all right. That's humbug," Crisp rejoined, frowning. "Let's have a squint at it."

There was nothing to see, not a bruise even. "But, all the same, I'd better not play," faltered Sabin.

Crisp looked hard at that white, quivering face. "Young Sabin," said he, "you are funkling it. Cut off and change."

Sabin turned and went.

They began at two and were playing until half-past six. Castlebury, winning the toss, proceeded to bat; and a few minutes later Sabin was chasing a ball when he uttered a cry and went over like a shot rabbit.

They had to carry him off. "It's my knee," he uttered, in agony. "But I'll be all right when I'm lying flat," he gasped next. "Oh, don't take me away from the ground. Let me lie here and watch." So they stretched him out in a deck-chair under the trees.

Then the Castlebury skipper offered Crisp another man. "We've only just started; do put someone else in," he urged.

But Crisp was a stickler. "No, thanks all the same," he replied. "It's entirely my own fault. That youngster asked to stand down. But I thought there was nothing the matter with him except nervousness." He smiled grimly.

So the School carried on with ten men. And young Sabin lay smarting; he had let the side down after all.

He watched the score mounting; ten after ten on the board, till at 47 Crisp broke up that first-wicket partnership with a purler that whipped across from the leg to the off. And this inspired him. At four o'clock, when adjourning for tea, he had taken every one of the five wickets fallen: 130—5—10.

Now the visitors were bent on forcing a win. So at 4.20, with 145 up, they declared their innings closed. Allowing for the ten minutes between the innings, they had left themselves two hours to get the School out.

"A sporting declaration," was the crowd's verdict. "But what bad luck for the School to have only ten men!"

### The School's Innings

BAD luck? No doubt. But Castlebury's bowling was great. Raiff, their left-hander, and Watson, their demon, had run through side after side in their matches this season. As now they would continue to do, they thought cheerfully, while Baker and Earnshaw, the School's first pair, marched to the wickets.

"Hold it!" Baker had skied a ball into the longfield. It never touched the turf. "Duck—one—duck!" chimed the scorer.

Crisp next. If he could only tire Watson and Raiff things might brighten. Quietly he played to get his eye in. Twenty up. Thirty up. See that? They've got Earnshaw!

They had. He had dragged his foot over the line and been stumped. Fell another disaster. Raiff smartly caught and bowled Crisp.

41—3—17. Ah, here came Tubby Harkness. But he couldn't bat! He was nothing but a swiper, grumbled the School. Whoosh! Tubby had carted Watson bang over the pav!

There is Dean at the other end. No, there isn't. Dean's gone. The silly juggins has promptly run himself out! Well, here came Vallings—and back again in a few minutes. 51—5—2. And an hour to play yet.

"We're dished!" mourned the School.

But look at that astounding Tubby. Still smiting. If anyone could stay with him there'd be a chance still. Sixty up. Seventy up. Eighty up. Go it, old Tubby! But Morson's bowled. Only three more wickets to fall now. "What hideous luck to have only ten men!" groaned the School.

One spectator was being tortured by this collapse. And when the seventh wicket fell he pulled himself painfully out of his chair and hobbled off to Crisp, sitting moodily apart.

Crisp heard a shy voice in his ear. It was young Sabin, pleading. Might he have a shot at keeping one end up for Harkness?

"You can't," growled Crisp. "That's nonsense, Sabin; you can hardly stand on your feet."

"Oh, do let me try, Crisp! It's Watson who has been taking most of the wickets, and you know I don't mind fast bowling. I played yours all right."

"Oh, rubbish!"

"But, Crisp? Perhaps I'd manage to stick there with someone to run for me."

"You'll get hurt again."

"Let me chance it?"

Crisp was still shaking his head when the ninth wicket fell without any addition to the score, and Castlebury's captain was about to lead his men off when a great shout went up. He stared. Two figures were issuing from the pavilion. One resembled that little urchin they had disabled; the other was Crisp, with a bat. "Do you mind if I run for him?" Crisp was inquiring next moment.

"Of course not," he was assured, while the cheers rang for Sabin.

97 up—49 still wanted to win. But Tubby Harkness, brave as a lion, was there still.

### Victory

THREE more balls of the over to come and Sabin to face them. As Crisp took post, well behind the crease, at short-leg, he felt little hope; for Raiff, the left-hander, was bowling and he didn't see how their cripple could step out to smother him. Nor dared he. But his wits were alive, and he played out the over firm-footed.

Then he hobbled away to the umpire. Tubby's turn now.

Tubby merely a smiter? How wrong they were! He had sense enough to "farm" the bowling, at any rate, keeping Watson to himself for the whole of that over and collecting three boundaries en route. Only 37 wanted to win now. Ah, but there was their lame duck, facing Raiff once again.

He stopped two balls and the third one went for a bye. The next Tubby clumped for a four, the last two nearly bowled him. But a miss was as good as a mile. As he grinned he saw Watson rolling his sleeve up—for Sabin.

Ugh! What a stab it had given his knee to reach forward! But he'd met the ball fairly and squarely. He gritted his teeth. And the School was holding its breath.

But young Sabin had drawn his breath deeply. "Stick it out!" he besought himself. "Look out; don't tumble. Keep your bat straight. That's the way, man!" The perspiration was breaking all over his body. He rubbed it out of his eyes. Like a rock he was anchored—he was all right—all right—unless he lost his balance. The School had to win—it had to win. Stick to it, Sabin!

Talking to himself like that all the time.

It was hurting. But he'd been here for ten minutes now; no, 15 good minutes by the big clock over

# IN THE COUNTRY

## Now

### Fox Cubs at Play and Bird Songs Ceasing

Perhaps one of the greatest joys a Nature lover can experience just now is to come across a group of fox cubs at play. You want to know their haunts in your own locality, and then to be wary in approaching. The little creatures soon scamper away to shelter if they hear you coming, and their mother is a very watchful parent, so that you need tact and patience. But to see the little cubs gambolling and rolling over one another like so many puppies is worth any trouble that you may take.

A number of birds are now ceasing to sing, among them the golden-crested wren, the redbreast, and the wood warbler; and if you hear them during the present week you should take particular note, for you may not hear them again this season. The cuckoo, too, will possibly be heard for the last time in the next few days.

Among the butterflies we may look for are the painted lady and the meadow brown; and of moths we shall probably see the six-spot burnet, the white plume, whose name so exactly describes its appearance, and the privet hawk, one of the largest and finest of its family. Its wing expanse is sometimes four and a half inches.

### Catlike Caterpillars

In the Fen districts, where it still exists, you may spy a swallow-tail butterfly, the handsomest and one of the rarest of all our native butterflies.

The puss moth has laid her brown eggs on the willow or poplar; and the young caterpillars have just hatched out, and are looking for all the world like tiny black lines. Later, as they grow, they will become very fluffy and "pussy" in appearance; and it is curious that if you examine them in their young state under a magnifying glass you will find their heads remarkably catlike.

In some damp, shady place now you may see, standing tall and erect, a white-capped pillar, ranging in height from four to seven or eight inches. At the same time you will notice an abominable stench. Not associating the two you may stoop and pluck the fungus with your fingers—but you will certainly never do such a thing again.

The stench is given off by this curious fungus, which is known as the devil's stinkhorn. It can be smelt many yards away; and the odour arises from an olive-green gluten contained in the spores. This is to attract insects, which feed upon the gluten and disseminate the spores.

Among new varieties of wild flowers this week look out for selfheal, meadow vetchling, hop-trefoil, Turk's cap lily, dropwort, bulrush, privet, yellow waterlily, sow-thistle, and goat's beard.

### Continued from the previous column

the pav. But he couldn't stick it much longer.

What was that on the board at long last? 140? A hundred and forty it was. "Come!" Crisp and Tubby had run two sharp byes. Then Tubby took a single at the other end, which brought young Sabin up against Raiff again.

A curling full pitch, meant to drop on the top of the wicket. Knee or no knee, he must swing his bat round at that. He felt it full on the bat, and then fell in a heap. But the School was cheering like mad as that ball was tossed back from the boundary.

They lifted young Sabin up and carried him in. "Have we won?" he gasped faintly. He was dizzy and dazed, but he heard a voice like Crisp's saying something gruffly about a wonderful victory.

THE END

# BEDTIME CORNER

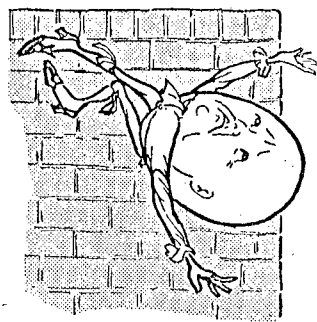
THOU that once, on mother's knee,  
Wast a little one like me,  
When I wake or go to bed  
Lay Thy hands about my head;  
Let me feel Thee very near,  
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear.

A BIRD caught in a snare  
begged that its life should  
be spared, saying, "Let me  
free and I will decoy other  
birds into the snare."

"That is all the more reason  
why you should die," replied  
the bird-snarer. "for you  
must be very base if you are  
willing to betray others to  
save yourself."

Everyone loathes a traitor.

REARRANGE these letters to  
form a girl's name—  
ANEJ.      wvof so oovf



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a  
great fall;  
All the king's horses and all the  
king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty  
together again.

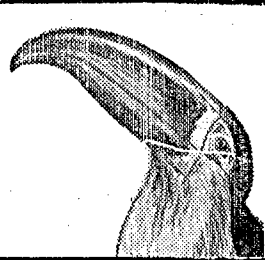
KEEP me, dear Lord, through  
this dark night and be with  
all whom I love and all who love  
me; and let peace come upon thy  
children everywhere. Amen.



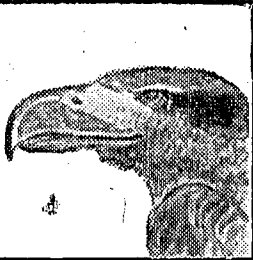
## CN NATURE STRIP



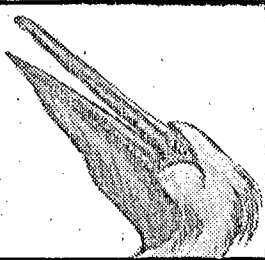
GREAT BLACK COCKATOO



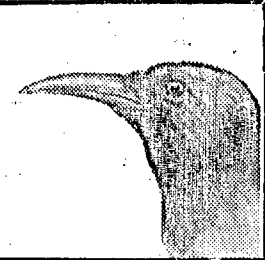
TOUCAN



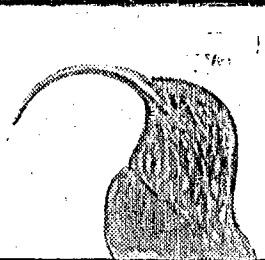
EAGLE



PELICAN



CHOUGH



SICKLE-BEAK

## Caught by a Catch Question

TEACHER: Make up a sentence using the word "boycott."  
Tommy: It rained hard the other night and the boycott a bad cold.

## Invitation Declined

BILLY BEETLE lived next door to Mr Matthew Mole; The way they went to both their homes Was down a little hole. Mr Mole one afternoon Asked Billy in to tea, But Billy said, "No thank you, sir; I think you might eat me."

## Whither Bound?



THE destination of this ship can be found by looking along the picture from the right-hand side with the eyes level with the paper.

## A Wonderful Country

THE name of a certain European country is spelled with eleven letters, and from these letters it is possible to make up at least twenty-five other words, such as: East, west, land, sea, air, water, stand, sit, slate, tile, new, stale, late, rise, slide, wander, winter, near, dates, dirt, slander, steal, rates, alter, write.  
When you have found the name of the country no doubt you will be able to make other words.

Answer next week

## Speaking From Experience

A KANGAROO hopped o'er the plain, Leaping high and then dropping again, And he panted, "Oh dear, It is perfectly clear That life's all ups and downs, in the main!"

## A Man and His Dog

ONE of the most extraordinary cases of faithful love for a dog is that of Dr J. M. Neale, the translator of the hymn Jerusalem the Golden. So great was his love for his dog Pombal, his constant companion, that after its death he never kept another, and for upwards of eight years, in his journal, he never failed to mark the number of days after Pombal's death. The last number he set down was 2956.

## How Our Ancestors Got Their Soap

IT was from Spitsbergen, which we now call Svalbard, that our ancestors used to get their soap. Discovered in 1596, the islands soon became noted for the great numbers of Greenland whales that frequented their fiords, and were even then very valuable creatures because of their fats and oils. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a great part of Europe's soap supply came from this source, the whales being hunted so rigorously by the English and Dutch that they were practically extinct a hundred years ago.

The islands must have been a wonderful home of animal life, for, besides the whales, seals and walrus came to them in great numbers.

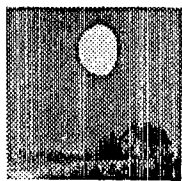
## What Does It Mean?

WHEN this verse has been properly punctuated it will not look so foolish as it does now.

A funny little man told this to me I fell in a snowdrift in June said he I went to a cricket match out to sea I saw a jellyfish float up a tree I found some birds in a cup of tea I stirred my milk with a big brass key I opened the door on my bended knee I beg your pardon for this said he But it's true when told as it ought to be It's a punctuation puzzle you see.

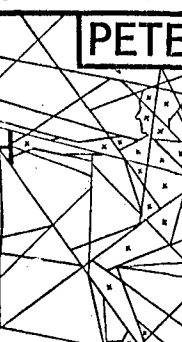
## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury and Mars are low in the north-west. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 26.



## A New Definition

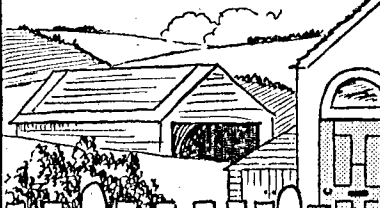
JIMMY was three years old and very fond of telling his dreams at the breakfast table. One morning his father, thinking to apply an intelligence test, said, "But, Jimmy, I don't believe you know what a dream is."  
Jimmy's answer came at once. "Yes, I do," he said. "It's moving pictures while you're asleep."



BLACK IN THOSE PARTS OF THE DESIGN MARKED WITH A CROSS TO MAKE THE SILHOUETTE OF A FENCER.

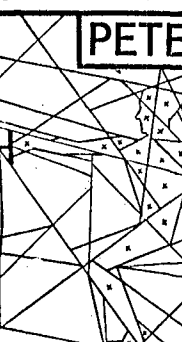
## PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR

THE NAME OF SOMETHING SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE IS SPELLED BY HIDDEN LETTERS.

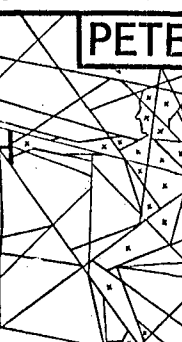


ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

WHAT PROVERB DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?

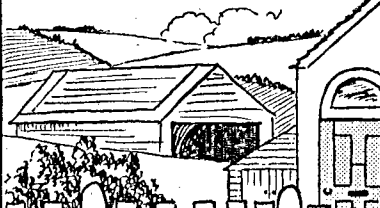


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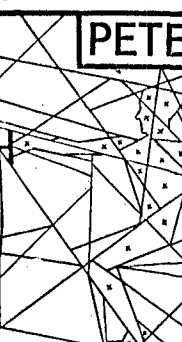
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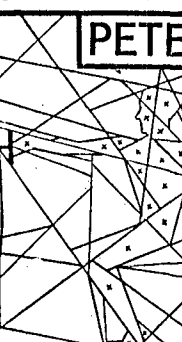


ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

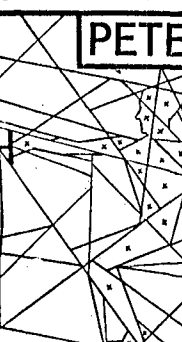
WHAT PROVERB DOES THIS PICTURE REPRESENT?



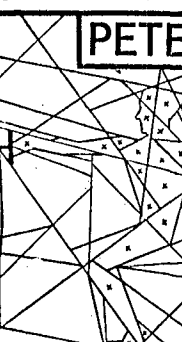
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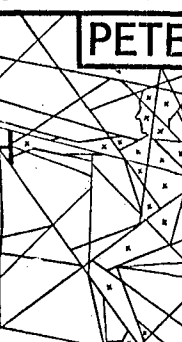
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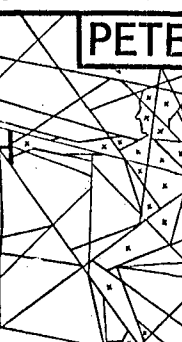
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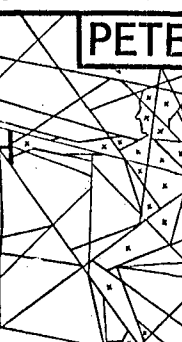
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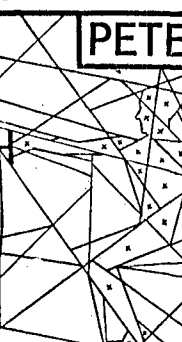
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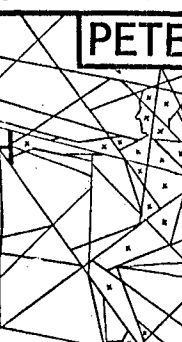
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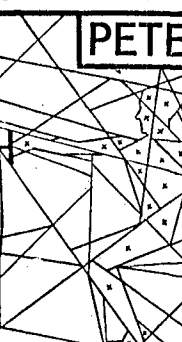
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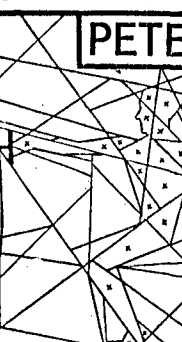
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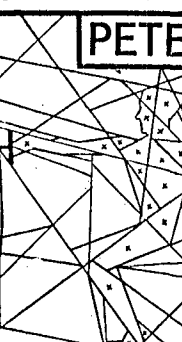
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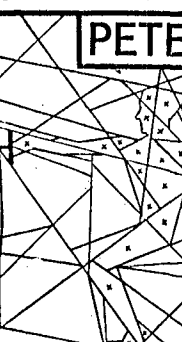
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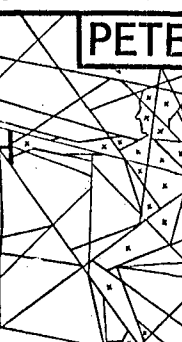
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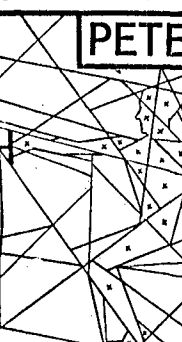
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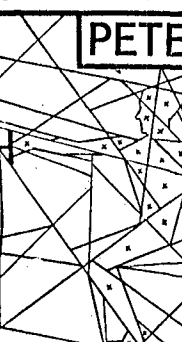
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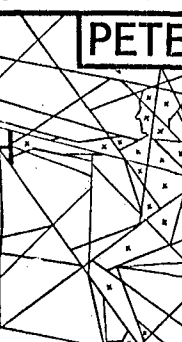
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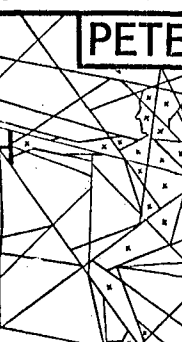
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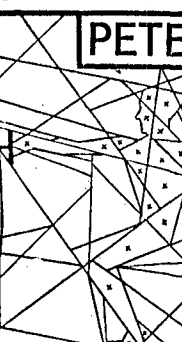
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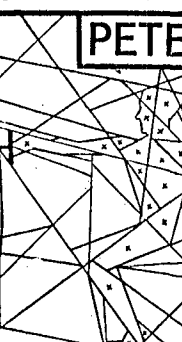
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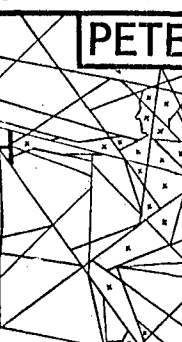
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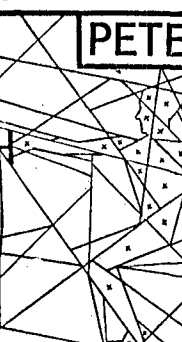
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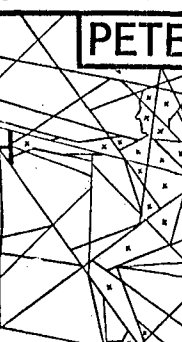
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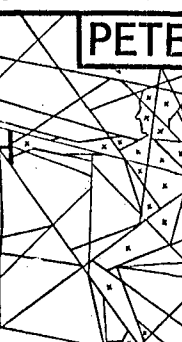
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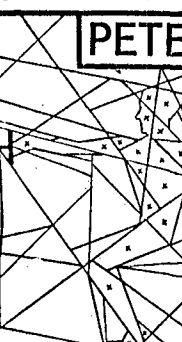
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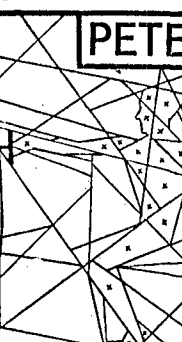
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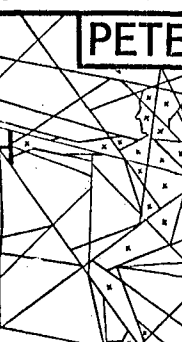
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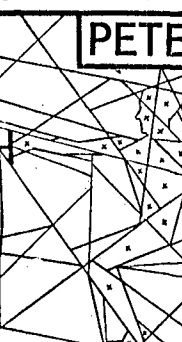
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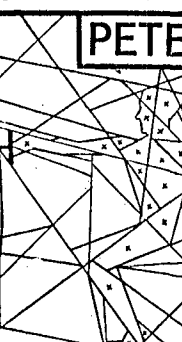
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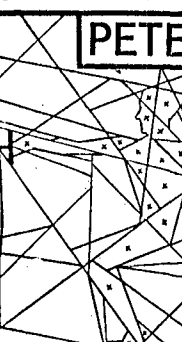
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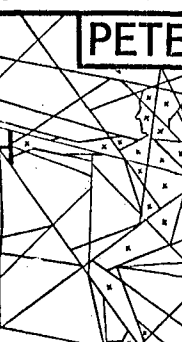
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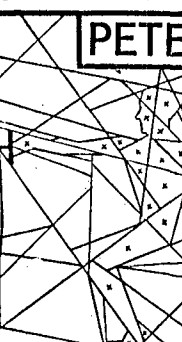
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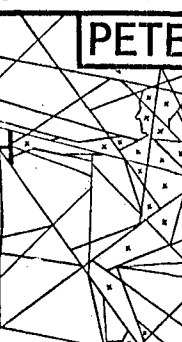
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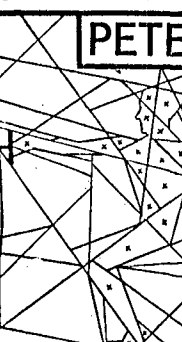
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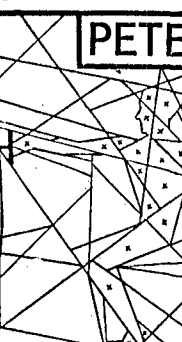
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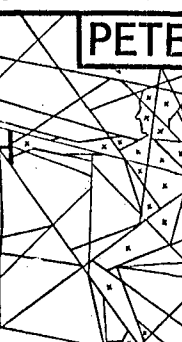
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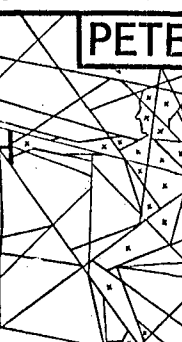
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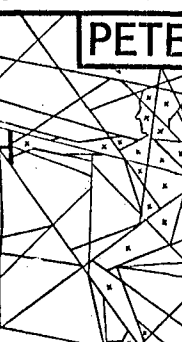
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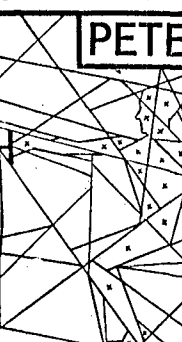
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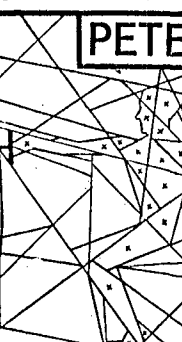
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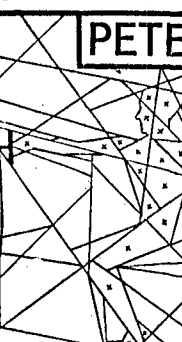
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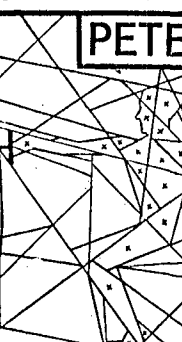
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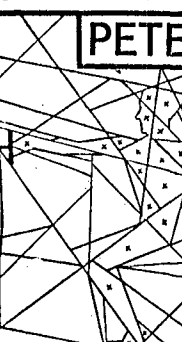
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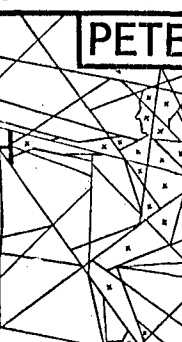
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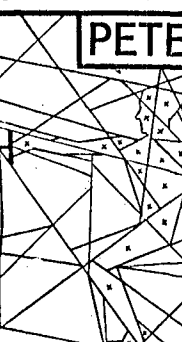
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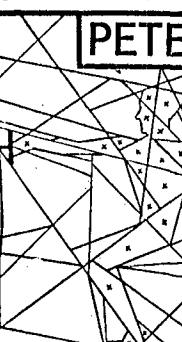
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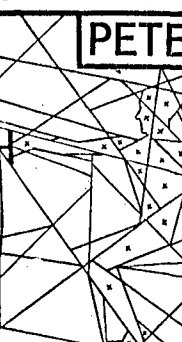
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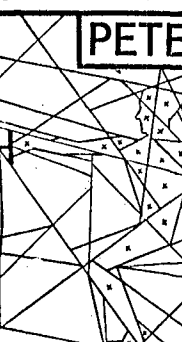
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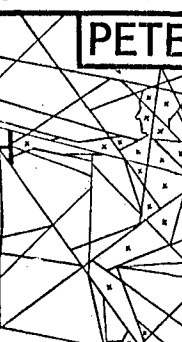
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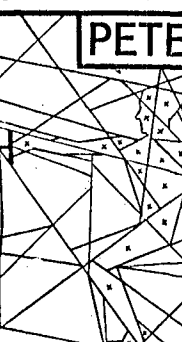
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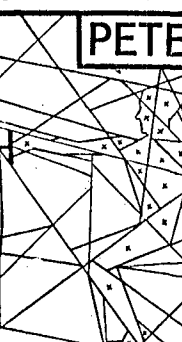
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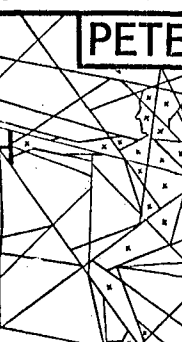
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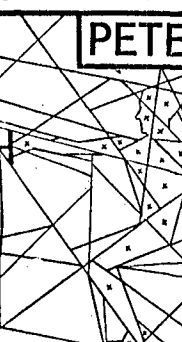
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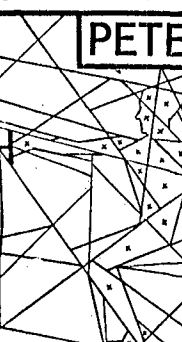
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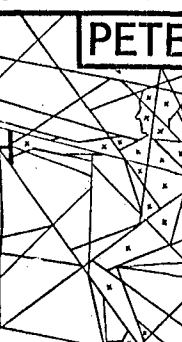
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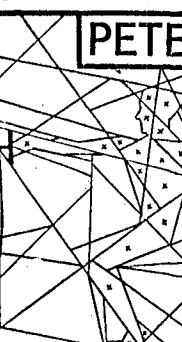
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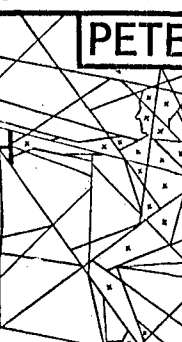
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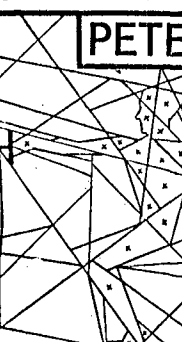
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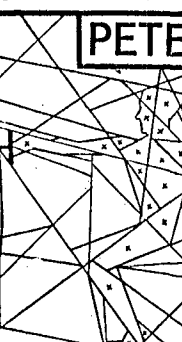
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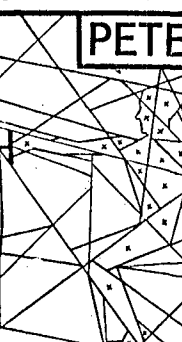
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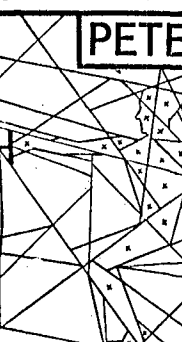
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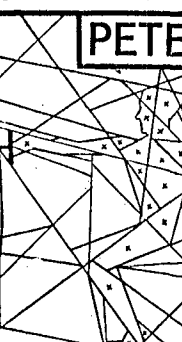
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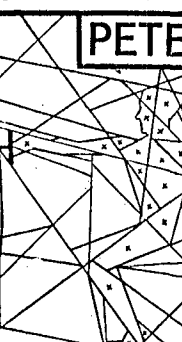
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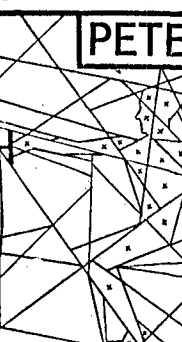
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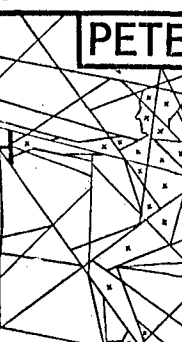
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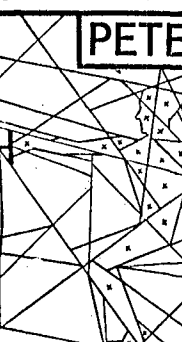
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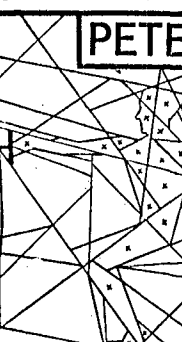
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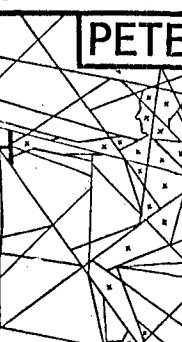
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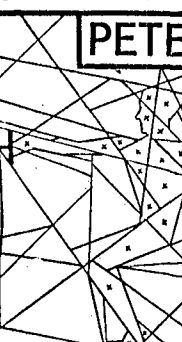
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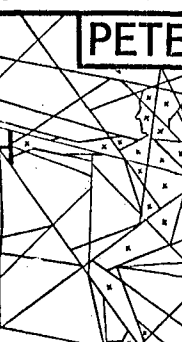
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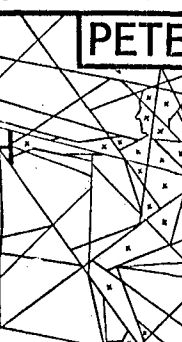
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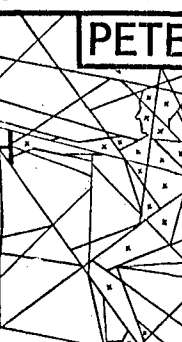
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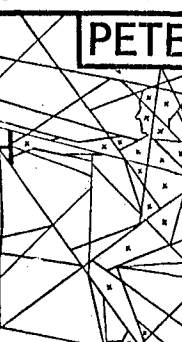
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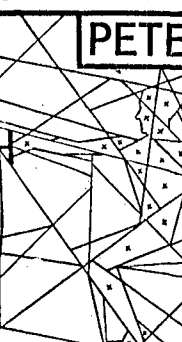
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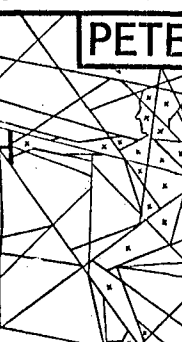
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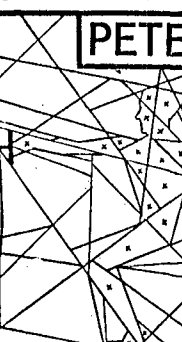
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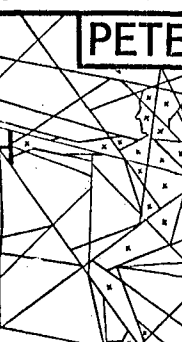
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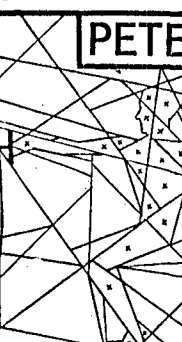
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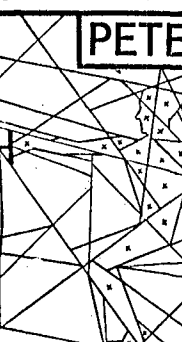
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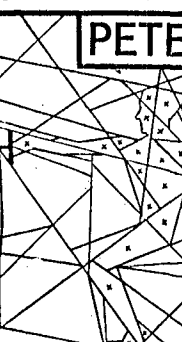
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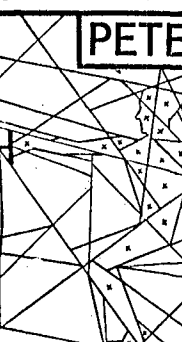
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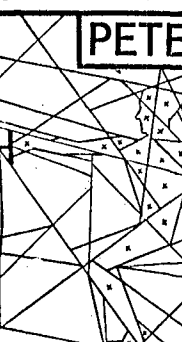
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